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SOUTH AMERICAN RIVER:



NATIVES FISHING IN THE MASSAROONY. (See page 259.)

THE Massaroony may be described as the natural drain of the space between the Cuyuni and the Essequibo rivers in British Guiana, one of the most luxuriant countries of South America. The Massaroony extends in a south-west direction, intersecting that undiscovered region the El Dorado, or Great Golden Lake of geographical fable.* In the dry season of 1830, Mr. W. Hilhouse left Demerara, to explore this interesting country, or to enjoy, what he calls a two month's excursion up one of the mountain torrents of Guiana. Mr. Hilhouse was accompanied by Mr. T. Teschmaker, a proprietor of Wakenaam, who bore half of the expenses of the trip, amounting to 120*l.* sterling, in the following articles:—a canoe five feet broad and forty feet long, with washboards and a quarter-deck; ten dozen knives, one dozen cutlasses, six axes, ten pieces of salem-pore, ten pieces of calico; fish-hooks, of all sizes, about five pounds;

beads, thirty pounds; needles and pins; razors and looking-glasses, two dozen of each; twenty pounds of gunpowder, ten bags of shot and flints; scissors, one dozen; and four guns. The crew consisted of an Accaway captain and twenty-two of his followers—nineteen in a canoe, and three in a small hunting-craft; their wages for the trip were a piece of salem-pore, a cutlass, and four knives each; with a gun and a piece of calico for the captain; and a gun to the pilot. The wages of the crew were left at the post.† The provisions for the trip were forty gallons of rum, a keg of sugar, a keg of salt, a jar of butter, half a dozen hams, a bag of rice, a barrel of biscuit, one dozen casiripe with pickles, and other condiments, five dozen of wine, five dozen of porter, ten gallons of brandy, with one cwt. of salt fish.

The party halted the first night, to increase their stock of bread, at Caria island, about three hours above the post; it being necessary

* In our twentieth volume, page 359, is the narrative of an excursion up the Essequibo, by Captain Alexander, which may be referred to with advantage to the interest of the present trip.

† Posts are established on the different rivers of Guiana, to watch passengers up or down, and for the protection of the Indians.

to start with, at least, one cwt. of cassada bread, well dried, as it was a chance if any more could be procured for a week afterwards.

At Caria island commences the distinguishing feature of the Massaroony—an innumerable string of islands, dividing the river into from five to ten channels, without intermission, for fully a week's journey; in which space the two banks of the river are scarcely once visible together, and one but seldom. Caria was once a Dutch post; but, a few cocoa trees are the only traces of its plantations. Above Caria, on a small island, is a Caribbe settlement of a family, which is the only one of that nation now left on the Massaroony.

Here begin the rapids, the fourth of which, Warimambo, was the most remarkable in the day's progress. The river is here three or four miles broad, and continues the same breadth nearly the whole length of the archipelago. At Warimambo, a large open space in the centre of the river, has in the rains, the appearance of a vast lake, and in the dry season, that of a rugged, rocky plain. The manner in which Mr. Hilhouse and his party ascended this and all the other rapids that were too strong to paddle up, was as follows:

The rapids do not fall in one sheet over a level ledge, but force themselves through a number of fissures, large blocks of granite dividing the different shoots of the fall. At the base of these blocks was an eddy, into which the canoe was forced, where she became stationary, having no current either way. The crew then sprang upon the rock, and added up as far as they could find footing; by means of a long and stout rope they then pulled the canoe into one of the shoots of the fall, where there was water enough to float her, and by main strength they hauled her up the ascent. They then took her out of the current, and laid her stern on the top of the rock, from whose bottom they had just mounted, with her head right up the stream; and, at a given signal, they sprang into her, and pulling with all their might, endeavoured to cross diagonally the different currents, till they got into another eddy. This was the time of the greatest danger in ascending; for, if the crew were not active in seizing their paddles, the head of the canoe might be taken by the current, drifted broadside down the fall, and infallibly upset. If she were not strong-handed, she could not stem the currents above, and in crossing them, might go down the fall stern-foremost; the stream runs at most of the rapids ten or twelve miles an hour; and but for the detached rocks which cause the eddies, there would be no way of passing them, but by tediously tracking along the shore, to which necessity the party were several times reduced.

In their first day's journey, the party ascended eight rapids, and bivouacked on a wooded rock, between the Arecaza and Wey-popekay falls. They were at a loss for palm-leaves to cover a hut, and they made a temporary tent of their canoe sail, which very inadequately sheltered them from the heavy, pelting rain, that now and then fell. The Indians cared little, provided they could keep the fire alight; and when the rain put it out, they called loudly for a dram to comfort them.

At seven the next morning, the party started again: during the day they passed only three falls, and thus made good progress; their average way being from twenty to twenty-five miles per day.

The Indians always ate the moment they awoke. At six, the coffee was made, and the pepper pot, in large tin kettles, was warmed, the wives of the captain and pilot taking the cooking department. The Indians, provided they ate early, did not require a regular meal till evening; but they continued the whole of the day to drink, at intervals, a gruel of cassada crumbled into water; so that they drank, as well as ate, a great quantity of bread.

The day's journey commonly commenced at seven, and ended at three, four, or five, just as they happened to find a convenient resting-place. A large, bold sand, with a clump of trees, was the favourite bivouac; where they had room for a walk, good bottom for bathing, and poles to hang hammocks: when these were found, they preferred bivouacking, in fine weather, to sleeping in the houses of the Indians, and being poisoned with smoke, and bitten by fleas and chigoes.

The third day's journey brought the party to the fall of Tepayco, at which, being an excellent fishing and hunting station, they halted for half the next day. Here they bought, of a party of Accaway Indians, several bundles of hai-arry, a kind of vine, with blue clustering blossoms, and pods with small grey beans. The full-grown root is three inches diameter, and contains a white, gummy milk, which is a most powerful narcotic, and is commonly used by the Indians in poisoning the water to take fish. They beat it with heavy sticks till it is in shreds, like coarse hemp; they then put it into a vessel of water, which immediately becomes of a milky whiteness, and, when fully saturated, they take the vessel to the spot they have selected, and throwing over the infusion, in about twenty minutes every fish within its influence rises to the surface, and is either taken by the hand, or shot with arrows. *A solid cubic foot of the root will poison an acre of water, even in the falls, where the current is so strong.* The fish are not deteriorated in quality, nor do they taint more rapidly when thus killed, than by being netted, or otherwise taken.

The pacou fish is generally taken with the

hai-arry, in the following manner: the Indians select a part of the falls, where the weya, (an aquatic vegetable, eaten by the pacou, and other fish,) is plentiful, and where traces are visible of the pacou, which is gregarious, having lately fed. They then inclose this place with a wall of loose stones, a foot above the surface of the water; leaving spaces for the fish to enter; for these spaces they prepare parrys or wooden hurdles, and about two hours before day-break they proceed silently to stop the openings with them. The fish are thus inclosed in a temporary pond, which is inspected at daybreak; and if they are found to be in sufficient number to pay for the hai-arry, they commence beating it. In this way, Mr. Hilhouse saw taken, in less than an hour, 270 pacou, averaging seven pounds weight, with one hundred weight of other fish. The fish thus taken were split, salted, and dried on the rocks.*

The Engraving represents a group of Indians *pacou-fishing*, and shows the dams of the falls, the artificial pond, and its hurdles, a native beating the hai-arry, and others with bows and arrows; while the whole scene affords an interesting picture of the luxuriant banks of the Massaroony, and its vast waters.

Next day the party reached the Caboony creek, after passing a fall, 30 feet high, in four ledges, to get over 100 yards of which, cost them an hour's hard labour. They were now compelled to go bread-hunting: a day's journey up the creek, and to unload the canoe, and haul her right up over a fall, lest she should fill from the steepness of the shoot. They found no bread; but a huge tapir swam across the creek, a-head of the party, at which they fired, and supposing the tapir wounded, landed in pursuit; but, after two hours' unsuccessful chase, they dined upon an immense pacou, which those left on the river had been more fortunate in shooting.

On the third day the party reached the Massaweeny creek; and, as at this point, commenced the *terra et aqua incognita*, they laid in a stock of bread for a week. Mr. Hilhouse contrived here to make a new acquaintance, in the shape of a small worm, half an inch long, and the thickness of a pin, with a large head; which bored through the skin in several places, and caused the most painful

itching. Mr. Hilhouse applied a little camelline on the aperture, and covering it with a plaster, extracted the worm.

Leaving Massaweeny, the party reached Araquaw, a pretty deserted settlement on a conical hill on an island: here the fleas set them at defiance, and the sojourners hung amongst the trees at the water's edge. The next night their quarters were not better, in a low island, at the 33rd fall. On the third day they got clear of the archipelago; and towards evening, they gained sight of *Arthur's Table*, the first visible point of the mountains of St. George, the great central chain of Guiana.

Mr. Hilhouse tells us, that it is hardly possible to describe the relief to his feelings on emerging from the everlasting confusion of islands and narrow passages, into, once more, the open and placid Massaroony, which, from this point, takes a westerly turn, with scarcely a single curve in its course. It had the appearance of an immense inland lake; and, *Arthur's Table*, at a seeming distance of about 60 miles, was a treat to a Demararian, who had seen nothing for years but the dead levels of the coast. Mr. Hilhouse did not get access to this mountain, but, by comparison with the part of the chain he afterwards scaled, he judged it to be 5 or 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. He found no perceptible difference of temperature between this point and the coast; but, upon boiling water, the point of ebullition was barely 210° of Fahrenheit.

After leaving this point, the party breakfasted at a small settlement, where the river again turns to the south; and proceeding, took up their quarters on a sand bank in an island at the mouth of Semang creek: here they staid two days to fish and hunt, filling their pepper-pot with excellent fish, and some feathered game. On the third day, they mounted Teboco, the 34th and last fall; being the extreme southern point of their whole excursion.

Mr. Hilhouse here attempts to throw some light upon the identity of this part of the country with Sir Walter Raleigh's *El Dorado*, or Great Golden Lake, by observing, one can hardly suppose that the tradition of a great inland lake could have spread over so wide a tract without foundation; and he ventures upon an explanation of the fabled lake *Paremei*, as follows:—"The Massaroony, for ten days' journey above Teboco, is still water, with little more current than some lakes. If, at any former period, the horizontal stratum of granite at the pass of Teboco was unbroken, the still water must have been, at least, 50 feet above its present level, and a vast lake 10 or 12 miles wide, by 150 or 200 miles long, would be the natural consequence. Presume on a fact like this, and *El Dorado* need be no fable."

[We intend to complete this very interesting Narrative in a week or two, with another illustration of the scenery of the Massaroony.]

* Mr. Waterton, in his entertaining *Wanderings in South America*, describes the pacou as very plentiful, and perhaps the fattest and most delicious fish in Guiana. "It does not take the hook, but the Indians decoy it to the surface of the water by means of the seeds of the crab-wood tree, and then shoot it with an arrow." Again, upon the Essequibo, Mr. Waterton, in passing its falls and rapids, celebrated for the pacou, was accompanied by a coloured man, who stood in the head of the canoe, and, with his bow and arrow, shot the pacou, as they were swimming in the stream. The arrow had scarcely left the bow before he had plunged headlong into the river, and seized the fish, as it was struggling with it. He dived and swam like an otter, and rarely missed the fish he aimed at.

ANCIENT TEA-GARDENS ROUND LONDON.

" 'Tis drinking tea on Sunday afternoons,
At Bagnigge Wells, in china and gilt spoons."
Prologue to Bon Ton.

Bagnigge Wells.—These gardens, according to Lysons, were opened for the first time about the year 1767, in consequence of the discovery of two springs of mineral water, chalybeate and cathartic. The gardens were originally small, but made the most of in walks, fountains, Dutch nymphs, cupids, &c. It has been said that Bagnigge House was once the residence of Nell Gwyn.

Bermondsey Spa.—These gardens were situated in the Grange Road, Bermondsey, and received their name from some waters, of a chalybeate nature, which were discovered there about the year 1770; a few years before which a Mr. Keyse opened the premises for tea-drinking, and exhibited, with great success, a collection of his own paintings, chiefly of still life subjects; and which, considered as the works of a self-taught artist, had considerable merit.

About the year 1780, he procured a license for musical entertainments after the manner of Vauxhall, and for several years his gardens were open every evening in the summer season. On "gala nights," there was constructed, by Mr. Keyse himself, a representation of the siege of Gibraltar, which did great credit to his mechanical abilities. He died in 1800, and the gardens were shut up in 1805.

Cuper's Gardens.—These gardens, says Pennant, were, in my memory, the scene of low dissipation. They were ornamented with several of the mutilated statues belonging to Thomas, Earl of Arundel, which had been begged for that purpose from his lordship by one Boyden Cuper, a gardener in the family; and from him the gardens obtained their name. The site was in the possession of Beaufoy, the distiller, till the improvements occasioned by the erection of Waterloo Bridge.

The Dog and Duck, and Apollo Gardens.—These were situate in St. George's Fields, and were laid out by a Mr. Clagget; they were shut up by order of the magistrates, and that useful, though melancholy charity, Bethlehem Hospital, reared upon the site.

Mary-la-Bonne, or Marybone Gardens.—In the reign of Queen Anne, there had been a noted tavern at this place, with bowling-greens, much frequented. These bowling-greens are described in an old map, says Lysons, of the Duke of Portland's estate.

"Some dukes at Marybone, bowl time away."

says Lady Mary Wortley Montague in one of her poems. The place afterwards grew into disrepute, and is made by Gay the scene of Macheath's debauches. About 1740, Marybone Gardens were opened for public

breakfasts and evening concerts. Some of the first singers were generally engaged there, and fireworks were exhibited. In 1777-8, they were shut up, and the site let to builders. The ground is now occupied by Beaumont-street, part of Devonshire-street, and part of Devonshire-place. There is a print of these gardens, which is rather rare, but I am in possession of one.

Mulberry Gardens.—These gardens were situated at the upper end of St. James's-street, where the company were regaled with cheese cakes and syllabubs: they became part of the gardens of the Earl of Arlington's house; and the present site is Arlington-street.

Ranelagh Gardens.—This celebrated and fashionable place of amusement, was originally the seat of Lord Ranelagh. At his decease, in 1733, the estate was sold to a person of the name of Timbrell, a builder, for 3,200*l.*, who resold it the following year, when some gentlemen and builders having become purchasers, a resolution was taken to form it into a place of public amusement, and it was opened as such in the year 1740. Its principal attraction was a splendid rotunda, of which there are several prints. There were concerts of vocal and instrumental music, public breakfasts, a representation of the eruption of Mount Etna, &c. The builders have now usurped the site of this once splendid place.

Spring Gardens, Vauxhall.—These gardens were, in the year 1615, the property of Jane Vaux, widow; the mansion-house upon the estate was then called Stockens. I have not met (says Lysons) with any certain document of the time when these premises were first opened for entertainment.*

Tunbridge Wells, or Islington Spa.—This place was formerly in full favour with the public. The proprietors admitted dancers for the whole of the day. The Princess Amelia, in the year 1733, rendered the Spa for a time fashionable, by drinking the water there for the restoration of her health. The gardens were pretty, particularly at the entrance, where pedestals and vases were tastefully arranged under picturesque trees. They stood opposite Sadler's Wells.

White-Conduit-House Tea Gardens.—These gardens were formerly, as well as now, much resorted to; and in past days it was a rural walk from London to this place:—

"Human beings here
In couples multitudinous assembled
Forming the drollest group that ever trod
Fair Islingtonian plains; male after male,
Dog after dog, succeeding—husbands—wives—
Fathers and mothers—brothers—sisters—friends;
Around, across, along the shrubby maze
They walk, they sit, they stand."

P. T. W.

* See Mirror, vol. xvi.

Notes of a Reader.

IRISH LEGENDS.

[Here is another little batch of entertainment, from the third part of Mr. Thoms's attractive treasury of legendary lore.]

The Cat-Wife.

THERE WAS once one of the Boors of the Upper Rhine, whose wife, for it was his lot to be married, one night went out and left him at home by himself. But she had not been gone long before a cat came into the house, and after lying with its back to the fire for some time, and getting very comfortably warm, out the cat went again.

And soon after this there came into the house fifty cats, and after they had lain with their backs to the fire for some time, and got very comfortably warm, out they went again.

The man thought (and, indeed, it was no wonder he should think so) that all this was mighty odd; so, as soon as the last party had taken themselves off, he got up and fastened the door.

Some time afterwards, he heard somebody at the door, and, upon going to it, he saw, instead of a human hand, that it was a cat's paw trying to raise the latch. So he went and got a hatchet and chopped it off.

Soon after this, his wife came home and went to bed. And in the morning she said she was not well, and not able to get up. But all this time she kept one of her arms under the bed-clothes. Her husband thought this very strange, and asked her the reason, but she refused to give any answer; and at last he found out that she wanted a hand.

Whereupon he went to the governor of the town, and told him what had happened; and the woman was burned for a witch, and every old woman in the place was burned too, to the number of fifty.

Note.—A curious illustration of this cat story may be found in *Horst's Dæmonologie oder Geschichte des Glaubens an Zauberie*, &c. Band. 2., s. 80—82; and in the *Malleus Maleficarum* (Lugundi, 1596), tome 1., pp. 208—9; where it is said that a woodman, in the neighbourhood of Strasburg, was attacked, while following his occupation, by a large, fierce-looking cat. Upon his trying to drive it away, the cat was joined by a second, still more frightful, whom the woodman likewise struck; a third, still larger and more frightful, then made its appearance, and a dreadful contest ensued between the man and his feline enemies, which, however, at last ended in favour of the woodman.

The man had only just returned home from this fearful encounter, when he was arrested and carried before the chief magistrate of the city, who was so inveterate against him, that he not only refused him a hearing, but di-

rected that he should be thrown at once into the dungeon set apart for criminals whose lives were forfeited; there he remained for three days, before his judge could be prevailed on to give him a hearing, or inform him of the nature of the crime of which he was accused. At length he was brought into court, charged with having, at a certain hour, and at a certain place, violently beaten three of the chief ladies of the city. The man declared his innocence, that he never saw the ladies, and that he could prove by the best evidence that he was then engaged in his occupation of wood-cutting. But as the judge would give no credence to this story, the man said, "I recollect that at the hour mentioned, I beat very severely *three cats* which had attacked me, but that was not *three noble ladies*." All the bystanders were astonished at his declaration, and the man's chains were taken off, and he himself set free, with a strict charge to keep the matter a secret.

We are inclined to believe that all the supernatural cat stories given in this number, were imported into Ireland by the Palatines.

The Road the Plates went.

At some distance from Castle Taylor,* in the county of Galway, is a round fort, called the palace of Dundorlass, where it is said Goora, king of Connaught, resided; there is not, however, the least vestige of any dwelling place: this palace was near a celebrated city called Ardahan. It is now but a village: tradition, however, mentions it to have been formerly very extensive. If the road, leading to the town, can enable us to form any idea of its extent, the remains of that which led to this, would induce us to believe that it was twice larger than the present road; except there was an avenue of trees planted on each side, it is not easy to determine to what use it was converted. This road is called in Irish, *Boherlan da naa mias*—the road the plates went; and the story from which the name originated, is odd enough.

Saint Macduagh, the king's brother, had retired to the mountains, to pray with a friar; when they had remained two days there, the friar was not so much occupied by devotion, but he felt the grumbings of his stomach from time to time; this made him murmur, and he said to the Saint, "I beg your Saintship's pardon, but I believe you brought me here to die of hunger; your brother Goora gives a feast to his court to-day; I had rather be there than here."

"Oh! man of little faith," replied the Saint, "do you think I brought you here to die of hunger?" And he immediately began to pray more fervently than ever.

On a sudden the friar was agreeably surprised to see an excellent dinner before him.

* Between Portumna and Galway.

And when king Goora and his nobles returned from hunting, very hungry, they were very much surprised at seeing their plates and table fly away! On this occasion, they did what every person might do, who saw his dinner fly away; the cook with his spit, the servants and grooms, the dogs and cats, accompanied the king and his court, either on foot or horseback, and ran as fast as they could after the plates.

The dinner, however, arrived an entire quarter of an hour before them, and the friar, who had just begun to satisfy his appetite, was terrified at seeing such a crowd ready to snatch the bit from his mouth. He complained to the Saint again, telling him it were better to give him nothing to eat, than to get him knocked on the head by the hungry attendants of the court of Goora.

"Oh! man of little faith," said the Saint, "let them come." They soon arrived; and when they got within thirty paces of the friar, the Saint put them in the most disagreeable situation any decent people can be in: he made their feet stick to the rock, and obliged them to look on at the friar's repast.

They still show in the rock the mark of the horses' hoofs, of the men, dogs, &c., and even of the lances, which were also stuck in the rock, for fear they should take it in their heads to throw them at the friar. As these marks are visible, there can be no doubt of the truth of the story; and since this time, the road has been, and is still, called "*the road the plates went.*"

"Oh, mighty Saint Macduagh!" adds the narrator, a French gentleman, whom the revolution had compelled to emigrate, and who wandered through the united kingdoms, recording his adventures with his national gaiety—a gaiety by which touches of true pathos can be alone conveyed; "Oh, mighty Saint Macduagh, how much I should be obliged to your Saintship, if you deigned to repeat this miracle from time to time in favour of a poor pilgrim like me!"—*Printed in M. de Latocnaye's Promenade d'un François dans l'Irlande.*

Note.—Smith, in his history of Kerry, says, that there "is a rock, called in Irish by a term which signifies '*the fairies' rock*,' situated about five miles from the head of the river Kenmare, near a small brook, amidst the mountains. On the rock are the impressions of several human feet, some naked, and others with brogues on, and these are of all sizes, from infancy to manhood."—p. 83.

We are enabled to state, upon the authority of a gentleman, a native of the country, that among other marvellous tales related by the peasantry, of these impressions, one asserts them to be the foot-marks of some Irish lord and his attendants, by whom a poor hungry traveller had been turned away just as their dinner was about to be served up. The

fairies, indignant at this breach of national hospitality, carried off and set out the dinner before the poor traveller, and, being pursued, fixed by a spell their pursuers to the rock, where the impressions of their feet have remained ever since.

Legend of the Building of Ardmore Round Tower, by Saint Declan.

The round towers of Ireland are universally regarded, by the peasantry, as the produce of supernatural agency. "*As auld as the hills, your honour, and troth an' they say it was all built in a night,*"—is the general reply to any question about them; a saint or a devil, a fairy or a giant, are alternately the constructors, and the period of the work never exceeds one night. Latocnaye, in his *Promenade d'un François dans l'Irlande*, already quoted by us, speaking of that at Cloyne, remarks—"si c'est le diable qui l'a bâtie le diable est un bon maçon." The visiter of Ardmore will hear abundance of tales, in which the Patron Saint, Declan, appears as the "Minister of Miracles."

The limb of a cross which surmounted this tower, frequently seen by our informant in the years 1804 and 1805, was said, by the country people, to be the thigh-bone of an old woman who came out one night and interrupted Saint Declan, when he was building this tower.

"Yea, then," says she, "Saint Declan, will you build it up to the *shky*?"

"You *ould* wretch," says he, turning to her, "I'll build it no higher, and you'll be sorry for *axing* me."

In a moment the conical top was finished; and, seizing the old woman by the leg, the holy Saint whisked her high into the air: she descended, and remained on the top of the tower; and piece by piece fell, and bone after bone, as the integuments perished, until this one alone remained.

Note.—In a tract, on the *Irish Pillar Tower*, by Colonel de Montmorency Morris, this fragment of a cross is said to have been brought down by repeated discharges of musket balls; and the Colonel adds, he was informed on the spot, by persons who saw it, that it resembled a shoe, or monk's sandal.

Anecdote Gallery.

ADDISON AND MORLAND.

The accompanying Cuts would form illustrations to Dr. Madden's very ingenious volumes on the *Infirmities of Genius*; for they are identified with two of her most celebrated sons.

The first represents the old White House Inn, at Kensington, whither Addison is believed to have resorted, to seek solace in the bottle after his unhappy marriage with the

Dowager Countess of Warwick, in 1716. By this union, Addison became possessed of Holland House and its noble domain; but this was a poor requital for what he lost—peace of mind; which occasioned the caustic remark, that “Holland House is a large mansion: but it cannot contain Mr. Addison, the Countess of Warwick, and one guest, Peace.”

There are far too many versions of this marriage for quotation. Johnson says: In 1716,* Addison “married the Countess Dowager of Warwick, whom he had solicited by a very long and anxious courtship, perhaps with behaviour not very unlike that of Sir Roger to his disdainful widow; and who, I am afraid, diverted herself often by playing with his passion. He is said to have first known her by becoming tutor to her son.† ‘He formed,’ said Tonson, ‘the design of getting that lady from the time when he was first recommended into the family.’ In what part of his life he obtained the recommendation, or how long and in what manner he lived in the family, I know not. His advances at first were certainly timorous, but grew bolder as his reputation and influence increased; till, at last, the lady was persuaded to marry him, on terms much like those on which a Turkish princess is espoused, to whom the Sultan is reported to pronounce, ‘Daughter, I give thee this man for thy slave.’ The marriage, if uncontradicted report can be credited, made no addition to his happiness; it neither found them, nor made them equal. She always remembered her own rank, and thought herself entitled to treat with very little ceremony the tutor of her son. Rowe’s ballad of the *Despairing Shepherd* is said to have been written, either before or after marriage, upon this memorable pair, and it is certain that Addison has left behind him no encouragement for ambitious love.”

It has been said, that the Countess of Warwick could not forget the original difference of rank between herself and her husband, notwithstanding he was raised in the year after this marriage to the Secretaryship of State;‡ and that, accustomed to act the tyrant over his affections, she felt indignant at the inferiority in which she was placed by the exercise of his wit and judgment during the interchange of familiar life. But, it may be observed on the other hand, that Addison was now quickly sinking into that stage of life at which men become the fixed slaves of early habit and long indulged association. It is probable that her ladyship was a mere fine woman of quality; and we have reason to believe that the author of so much wit and humour was far from being a cheerful

companion, when deprived of the company of his brother wits. Destitute of suitable conversation, it has been insinuated that Addison sought occasional relief in the glass, and thus committed a new offence in the opinion of his lady; and it is recorded that while master of so splendid a mansion as Holland House, he would repair to the above tavern in its vicinity, in the hope of finding persons capable of calling forth his energies of intellect by exhilarating conversation, wine being not the only whetstone to wit.

That Addison’s marriage wore the air of a bargain may be inferred from a MS. letter of Dr. Cheyne to Lord Harley, dated August 9, 1716, in which it is said that “Lady Warwick’s marriage with Mr. Addison is upon terms; he giving 4,000*l.* in lieu of some estates she loses for his sake.” By her Addison had one daughter, who was deprived of her illustrious parent by death in 1719, while she was yet an infant; and having herself no knowledge of his merit, she was bred up, it seems, with little veneration for his memory. A very respectable lady who was educated with her, at the same boarding school, has frequently declared that Addison’s daughter was there noticed for her marked dislike to his writings, and unquerable aversion to the perusal of them.

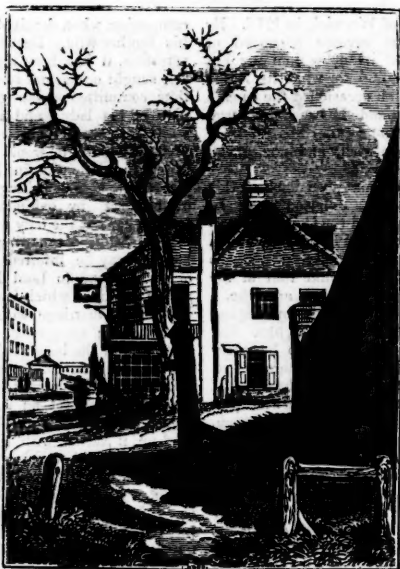
We must not, however, attribute Addison’s intemperance wholly to his marriage, although that unfortunate event may have increased his dissipated habits. There are many more interesting traits recorded of his external manners. Steele, (though his testimony must be received *cum grano salis*), mentions with great tenderness “that remarkable bashfulness, which is a cloak that hides and muffles merit;” and tells us, that “his abilities were covered only by modesty, which doubles the beauties which are seen, and gives credit and esteem to all that are concealed.” Chesterfield affirms that “Addison was the most timorous and awkward man that he ever saw,” a representation which Johnson considers hyperbolic. But Addison, speaking of his own deficiency in conversation, used to say of himself that, with respect to intellectual wealth, he “could draw bills for a thousand pounds, though he had not a guinea in his pocket.”

Johnson adds: “The time in which he lived, had reason to lament his obstinacy of silence; ‘for he was,’ says Steele, ‘above all men in that talent called humour, and enjoyed it in such perfection, that I have often reflected, after a night spent with him apart from all the world, that I had had the pleasure of conversing with an intimate acquaintance of Terence and Catullus, who had all their wit and nature, heightened with humour more exquisite and delightful than any other man ever possessed.’ This is the fondness of a friend; let us hear

* August 2.

† Spence.

‡ The worst step Addison ever took, was his accepting the Secretary’s place. He did it to oblige the Countess of Warwick, and to qualify himself to be her husband.—*Pope, in Spence’s Anecdotes.*



(White Horse Inn, Kensington.)

what is told us by a rival. "Addison's conversation," says Pope, "had something in it more charming than I have found in any other man. But this was only when familiar: before strangers, or perhaps a single stranger, he preserved his dignity by a stiff silence."

In the MS. additions to *Spence's Anecdotes*, we read that "Dryden was generally an extremely sober man. For the last ten years of his life he was much acquainted with Addison, and drank with him more than ever he used to do; probably so far as to hasten his end." How doubly "glorious" must John have been in his cups.

In the same amusing work, Pope tells us that "Mr. Addison originally designed to have taken orders; and was diverted from that design, by being sent abroad in so encouraging a manner. It was from thence that he began to think of public posts; as being made Secretary of State at last, and sinking in his character by it, turned him back again to his first thought. He had latterly an eye toward the lawn: and it was then that he began his Evidences of Christianity: and had a design of translating all the Psalms, for the use of churches. Five or six of them that he did translate, were published in the Spectators."

Lady Mary Wortley Montague says, "Addison was the best company in the world."

This is, indeed, high praise from one who possessed beauty and elegance, joined to wit and the charms of conversation.

Pope gives us the best account of Addison's familiar day before he was married. He tells us that "Addison usually studied all the morning; then met his party at Button's; dined there; and stayed five or six hours; and sometimes far into the night.—I was of the company for about a year, but found it too much for me: it hurt my health, and so I quitted it."

Addison's chief companions were Steele, Budgell, Philips, Carey, Davenant, and Colonel Brett. With one or other of these he always breakfasted. Hogarth has left us a print of the essayist and statesman in one of Button's coffee-room boxes, with a soup-basin and the "Votes of the Commons" before him. The reader will recollect Button to have been an old servant in the Countess of Warwick's family; and, it is said, that when Addison had suffered any vexation from the Countess, he withdrew the company from Button's house.

Addison's intemperate habits drew forth Johnson's memorable remarks:—"In the bottle, discontent seeks for comfort, cowardice for courage, and bashfulness for confidence. It is not unlikely that Addison was first seduced to excess by the manumission which he obtained from the servile timidity of his



(The Plough, Kensall-Green.)

sober hours. He that feels oppression from the presence of those to whom he knows himself superior, will desire to let loose his powers of conversation; and who, that ever asked succour from Bacchus, was able to preserve himself from being enslaved by his auxiliary?"*

The second Cut represents the Plough Public-house, at Kensall-Green, on the road to Harrow, reputed to have been built as early as the year 1500 (though materially altered by repairs), and remarkable for having been the favourite retreat of the celebrated George Morland. Here this errant son of genius was wont to indulge in his deep potations. He lodged for some time in a neat house at Kensall-Green, and was frequently in the company of Ward, the painter, whose example of moral steadiness was exhibited to him in vain. While residing at Kensall-Green, Morland fell in love with Miss Ward,—"a young lady of beauty and modesty—and soon afterwards married her; she was the sister of his friend, the painter; and, to make the family union stronger, Ward sued for the hand of Maria Morland, and in about a month after his sister's marriage, obtained it."

Morland's courtship and honey-moon drew him from the orgies at the Plough, and he soon afterwards removed to London, where he betook himself to his former habits. Yet, with all his dissipation, Morland was never indolent; as is attested by four thousand pictures, most of them of great merit, which he painted during a life of forty years.

* *Lives of the Poets*, vol. ii. 221.

The Public Journals.

A FEW REVOLUTIONS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

In 1800, would any man have believed—and in 1800 men fancied they travelled at a most

extraordinary space—would any man have believed that he could leave London in a stage-coach in the morning, and eat his supper by eleven o'clock at night in Manchester? or if his credulity could have been stretched so as to admit of such a possibility, would he have suffered himself to be told with impunity that if he chose, instead of supping at Manchester, he might proceed to Liverpool in one hour and three-quarters—a distance of upwards of thirty miles—that he might steam himself over to Dublin in time for breakfast the next morning, all of which he may now do supposing the conveyances ready? but, as it is, and without any hurry or trouble, a man breakfasts at the Bull and Mouth in London on the Monday, and breakfasts in Dublin on the Wednesday, according to the ordinary and established rules of stage coach, rail-road, and steam-boat travelling.

Well then, say we, this introduction of steam, or rather its adaptation to vessels and locomotive carriages, has been—and it is in its infancy yet—one of the greatest strides ever made in so short a space of time. Next comes gas. Let any body read Mr. Davies Giddy's, now Mr. Davies Gilbert's, formal denunciation in the House of Commons of the bare idea of obtaining light and profit from gas, and the case will be made as strong as we can wish it. Not only is the use of gas as a light universal, but if anybody will take the trouble, or rather give themselves the pleasure, of visiting the Gallery of National Sciences, in the Lowther Arcade, they will find cookery performed by gas in the most perfect and satisfactory manner.

Within the present century, vaccination has superseded, nay, annihilated, that tremendous affliction the small-pox—an event to which the wonderful decrease in the mortality of all classes, proportionably to the general increase of the population, may, in a great degree, be attributed, despite the evi-

dence to the contrary afforded in the maudlin report of the Drunken Parliamentary Committee of the present year. Again, reducing, as we must, our sphere of observation, for want of room, let us look at our own metropolis within the present century; hovels and alleys have disappeared, and palaces and terraces risen in their places. Look at those splendid bridges, Waterloo and London—the vast iron bridge across the Thames in the city, and the extremely useful one at Vauxhall—see those stupendous works, the West India Docks, East India Docks, London Docks, St. Catherine Docks, Surry Canal Docks, all erected within this century—the magnificent Custom-house, the healthy and spacious Bedlam, the London University, the King's College. Within this century, Ranelagh has vanished from the earth, the Pantheon has become a bazaar, every theatre in London, except the Opera House, which had just risen from a conflagration, had been either burned or pulled down—Covent-garden, Drury-lane, the English Opera House, the Surry Theatre once, and Astley's twice, have been burned and rebuilt—the Haymarket pulled down, the Royalty pulled down, both rebuilt, and the latter, under the title of the Brunswick, destroyed in the twinkling of an eye.

Carlton House, with all its splendour and gaieties, and all the associations of wit and mirth, has, with the noble and joyous company which made its walls ring with festivity, vanished. The Prince! Fox, Sheridan, Fitzpatrick, Hanger, Erskine, the Duke of Norfolk, and fifty others, are in their graves, the scene of their revels exists no more, splendid terraces, and magnificent squares occupy its site. The wretched streets between Pall-Mall and Oxford-street have given place to grand and commodious drives and promenades.

The interior of St. James's Park, which was a swampy meadow for the dull diversion of smoke-dried cows, has become a beautiful garden; and Buckingham House, built in the full uniform of bad taste—"red with white facings"—has given place to a palace much censured originally, and latterly much disfigured; but which still is a palace worthy of the country. In the Regent's Park, groves, canals, villas, parades, dioramas, (what did we know of dioramas in 1800?) crescents, and terraces, ranges of splendid buildings, occupy a space previously monopolized by grazing cattle; while a navigable canal, which circumvents London, and forms a military ditch round her assailable parts, in case of rebellion, brings all the commodities of the world floating to the very doors of warehouses in the most inland part of the metropolis.

In order to tranquillize the country, we have fifteen judges instead of "the twelve"

—we have also "a vice-chancellor" to moderate the rigours of the law; and we have, what is more to the point, a Sir Somebody Macadam, who, by breaking the stones over which we used to travel has more successfully conducted to *tranquillize the town* than any thing else in the world, except, perhaps, the New Metropolitan Police, which has utterly and entirely exterminated the ancient race of watchmen, except, we believe, in the case of one deluded veteran, who, under the special auspices of the Bishop of London, and the Duke of Norfolk, still continues to howl at the moon in St. James's-square. In consequence of this Macadamization, the Londoners no longer measure distances by being on or off the stones, and are whisked in wet weather over noiseless masses of mud-pudding, in hearses painted of lively colours, called omnibuses—vehicles of French origin,—in which they are packed by dozens; or whirled through the thoroughfares in hack cabriolets, carriages of which no human being in 1800 had any defined or undefined notion.

Of greater things, look at the Breakwater at Plymouth, at the Tunnel under the Thames, even unfinished as it is, and unprofitable as it ever will be, it is a triumph of science and perseverance—look at those bridges, hanging, as it were, in air, spanning arms of the sea which, in 1800, no man would have thought possible by such means. That pretty toy, the Chain Pier at Brighton, is a toy that no man would have imagined in 1800. Who, in 1800, would have expected to find water without digging for it? Who would have engraved upon stone? Who would have thought of calculating sums by machinery? Who would have thought of stuffing cushions with iron for softness? Who would have worn a caoutchouc cloak or Indian rubber shoes to keep them from the wet, or who would have fancied it possible to make gin up the chimney while he was making bread in the oven?

Look, too, at society. The young men drink nothing—in 1800 they drank deeply; in 1800, a man who smoked would have been voted a beast; now the vulgar, under-bred shop-boys smoke about the streets, because they have heard that their betters do it elsewhere. Smoking was introduced during those campaigns to which we have already alluded, and then there were millions of reasons for its use; now nobody but the lowest and vulgarest continue the practice;—and what makes this custom as absurd as it is filthy, is the justification which these simpletons offer, by quoting it as a foreign custom: in no foreign city is this nastiness permitted in the streets—it may be in Paris, but that under the citizen-king is exactly the place for it.

Look at our balls: in 1800, modest women

danced modestly, and let the conversation which passed between two partners, standing as far distant from each other as people ordinarily do in a drawing-room, be what it might, it could do no harm in the way of example. Within this century it has become the fashion for a delicate girl, who would, as Fielding's "Huncamunca" says, "shudder at the gross idea" of man's advance, to permit herself, and be permitted by her mother—ay, or her husband—to flourish about a room to a wriggling German air, with a strange man's arm round her waist, and her delicate hand upon his brawny shoulder. This thing is called a waltz; there is another of the same character, called a gallopade, where the same operations are performed, and in which, instead of turning the woman about till she gets giddy, the fellow makes no more ado, but claps her up in his paws, and hurries her right on end from one corner of the room to the other.

Another extraordinary change has taken place in London society; we mean the universal introduction of clubs and hotels. In 1800 it was remarkable that London had scarcely any hotels, while all other cities were full of them; now almost every second house in the streets below Grosvenor-square is an hotel. Clubs were rare, and used by no means as clubs are now; White's, as old as Hogarth's time—Brookes's and Boodle's—the Cocoa Tree, Graham's, and another, were all. The Union, which existed within this century, was a regular gambling club, and was held first at what is now the Ordnance Office, Pall Mall, and subsequently in the house now occupied by the Bishop of Winchester, in St. James's-square; but all these were clubs of recreation and amusement, of conversation or dissipation. Now see the difference. Crockford's, with the best cook and coffee-room, rears a splendid front, and well may, for its members are of the first class, and the aspersions cast upon it of the falsest character. The Travellers' is a magnificent house; they play high in the evenings, but no game of chance that we know of. The Junior and Senior United Service Clubs—invaluable institutions—where our gallant defenders are enabled, upon their shamefully small half-pay, to enjoy the comforts and luxuries they have so gallantly earned, at an easy rate. The Union, a resort of wealthy citizens, who just fetch Charing-cross to inhale the fresh air as it draws from the Park through the funnel by Berkeley House, out of Spring Gardens, into their bay window; and the Athenæum, where the mixture of whigs, radicals, savans, foreigners, dandies, authors, soldiers, sailors, lawyers, artists, doctors, and members of both houses of Parliament, together with an exceedingly good average supply of bishops, render the melange very agreeable, despite of some two

or three bores who "continually do dine," and who, not satisfied with getting a six-shilling dinner for three-and-sixpence, "continually do complain."

Then there is the Wyndham Club, held at Lord Blessington's house, in St. James's-square, and called after Lord Nugent, who founded it; the two University Clubs; the Clarence, mischievously called the Clearance, because it was established upon getting rid of some disagreeable members; and the Oriental Club, which, as its name implies, consists of the curry and rice gentlemen from India, with their calico shirts and limber legs, and which the young women who sweep the crossing at Tenterden-street (where, *parenthèse*, there has been within this century founded a Royal Academy of Music) invariably call the Horizontal Club. All these places—and there are one or two others, especially one called the Garrick, near Covent-garden, and another in Broad-street, called "the City,"—have been established upon a principle of economy, and on a scale of comfort and elegance which would have sounded like Hebrew to the unaccustomed ears of the world of 1800.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

By Robert Gilfillan.

Why linger in a world of care,
When 'n' that cared for me are gone?
Why drag life's feeble chain so long,
When friends to lighten't there are none?
A lone one, in a lonely world,
A stranger I but strangers see,
And when I sleep w' them that sleep,
A stranger's grave my bed shall be!
When youth was gay, an' hope was young,
And lika wee flower in its prime,
I thought this was a pleasant world,
For happy, happy, was that time!
But bleak showers fell, an' winter snell,
Wi' age, life's winter hurried on,
Now fled the flowers, w' youth's fond hours,
Like simmer sun that o'er them shone.
The wand'rer kens where he will rest,
The weary kens where they will die;
Yet here, a weary wand'rer I,
Ken naught but sad adversity!
The wind that tears the sapling aik,
But scarcely bends the aged tree.
When will I lay me down to sleep?
When will I lay me down to die?

*Dublin University Magazine.*ELEGY, WRITTEN IN THE RUINED ABBEY
OF TIMOLEAGUE.

(From Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy.)

One night, when lonely and sadly,
By the foot of the sea and the strong waves,
I was meditating and reflecting
On the hard fate of the world:
The moon and the stars were up,
The noise of the waves was not heard on the shore,
And there was not a breath of wind there
That would agitate the tree-top or blossom.
I walked on meditating alone,
Careless of the progress of my way;
Until I beheld the door of a church,
And the ready entrance before me.

I stood at the ancient door
 In which were usual alms and hospitality,
 To the blind, to the leper, and to the weak,
 When the people of that house were living.

There was a seat built by its side,
 'Tis long since its shape was constructed,
 On which used to sit men of learning and clergy,
 And travellers on their way.

I sat down full of reflection;
 I put my hand under my cheek,
 Until there fell large showers of tears
 From my eyes on the grass—down.

I said there in sorrow,
 And I weeping mournfully,
 There was a time when this house
 Was joyful and cheerful.

'Twas here were bells and clergy,
 Poems and divinity a-reading,
 Choirs singing, and music,
 Praising the majesty of God,
 Empty aisle, without state,
 Grey mansions and old tower,
 Many a tempest and storm
 Has struck the top of your wall.

There is much rain and cold
 And storm from the coast which you have put off you,
 Since you were at first consecrated
 To the King of the Elements, as a temple.

Oh holy house of the green gables,
 That wast an ornament to the country,
 It is my constant sorrow, your ruin,
 And the putting of your saints to wandering.

'Tis solitary you are now;
 There are not in you choirs or music;
 But the screeching of the cat-headed (owl)
 In the place of the glad psalms.

Ivy growing from your eaves,
 Red nettles on your green floor,
 The shrill barking of slender foxes,
 And the tinkling of waterfalls in your corners.

Where the early lark used to call
 Your clergy to sing their matins,
 There is no tongue moving there now
 But the tongue of the jarring saw.

Your refectory is without food,
 Your dormitory without the simple bed,
 Your sacristy without sacrifice by the clergy,
 Or mass to God performing.

Your abbot and rule have gone,
 And your pious brotherhood;
 Alas! I do not see now under your shelter,
 (Aught) but a heap of clayed bones.

Alas! the oppression and tyranny,
 Hard captivity, cruelty, and illegality,
 The violence of enemies and ruthless plundering,
 That have left you solitary as you are!

I myself was once fortunate,
 Alas! my looks are changed:
 The persecution of the world came against me,
 There is no use in me but for sorrow.

Gone are my motion and activity,
 The sight of my eyes and my guidance;
 My friends and my children are
 In this church, powerless and corrupting.

There is woe on my face;
 My heart is as the kernel of a nut;
 If death would deliver me
 My welcome for its meeting were certain.

New Books.

THE HINDOOS. VOL. I.

[Few persons require to be told that the present volume is a portion of a description of the natives of "the ancient and extensive empire of India." It is not, therefore, a dry

historical detail of the rise and progress of this vast and important country, though it glances at the past sufficiently to heighten the interest of the present; and, in a future volume may be expected a few stirring incidents of the wars and struggles of these extraordinary people with their oppressors, and with their conquerors. Here we are briefly told, that]

In early antiquity, the Assyrian queen, Semiramis, is said to have made a fruitless attempt at subduing India; the conquests of Darius Hystaspis do not appear to have extended beyond the Panjâb (Herodot. iv. 44; compare iii. 101), and those of Alexander and of Seleucus made but a temporary impression. Even the Afghans, and the hardy barbarians of Tartary, who, under Baber, and other Mohammedan conquerors, effected a more permanent settlement in Hindoostan, appear to have almost immediately undergone a remarkable change both in character and manners. In a few ages their robust bodies and hardly-tempered minds yielded, like those of their predecessors, to the force of the warm, enervating sun of India. They then became unable to preserve the conquests which they had made; and the descendants of Baber, Humaïoon, and Akbar, sunk under the dominion of a handful of daring strangers from the remotest islands of the West. These strangers, whose success affords the most extraordinary example on record of the triumph of knowledge and civilization over brute force, are now intrusted with the destinies of India, which forms, in the strictest sense of the word, a province of the British empire. The Hindoo, therefore, though divided from us by a vast extent of sea and land, is our fellow-citizen; and, for this reason, we are deeply interested in comprehending his character, his manners, his religion, and the nature of the country which he inhabits.

[In every respect, India and its natives must possess very considerable attractions for all classes of British readers; and, as it is of moment that they should be well acquainted with every portion of the earth subject to British rule, we welcome the present work as a very acceptable addition to the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*. This volume is divided into eight chapters. The first is a general description of India; its physical aspect, its vast region, containing the loftiest mountains, several of the largest and most celebrated rivers, and, side by side, the most fertile and the most barren spots on the face of the globe. Of the Himâlaya it is observed:—]

The greater portion of the Himâlaya range has never been explored; the everlasting snow and clouds which rest upon its summit render it extremely difficult of access. But it has been ascertained that one of the peaks

of this chain, denominated Dhawalagiri, near the source of the Gunduk river, is the most elevated spot upon the habitable globe; being 26,862 feet above the level of the sea. It is in the untrodden solitudes of these mountains, where the scream of the eagle, the roar of torrents and tempests, and the thunder of the avalanche, are the only sounds ever heard, that the superstitious Hindoo has placed his heaven on the summit of Mount Meru. Here too, when weary of life, he comes to the rock, in shape resembling a bullock's rump, and supposed to be the petrified body of a god, to precipitate himself over the holy crag, and enter heaven by force.

[Of the rivers of India—]

They have always been more celebrated than its mountains. Every person throughout the civilized world is familiar with the names of the Indus and the Ganges, those holy streams which seem to the superstitious Hindoo, as the Nile appeared to the Egyptian, to be of divine origin. They are, certainly, among the most precious gifts which nature has bestowed upon Hindoostan. By their means, and that of numerous tributary or inferior rivers, an amazing degree of fertility is maintained in the country, which, from time immemorial, has not only supported a vast population with its own produce, but been enabled to satisfy the wants of the rest of the world with its superfluities. To us in England it is difficult to form an idea of those "ocean streams," which, in a course, in some instances, of nearly 2,000 miles, collect the waters of a thousand rivers, and at length flow in channels of several leagues in breadth to the sea. In the level lands of Bengal, rivers cannot, of course, possess very lofty banks; but palaces, temples, and palm-trees of gigantic size, shoot up from the water's edge, and are visible from a great distance; yet, in sailing up or down these majestic streams, the eye is frequently unable to descry the opposite banks. Except in the rainy season, the surface of the rivers, rarely ruffled with winds, is as smooth as a mirror, and beautifully reflects the glorious hues which dawn or sunset spreads over the tropical skies, with the lazy, lingering sail floating over it. Towards the mouth, however, this tranquillity is twice a day disturbed by the tide, which, particularly in the Indus, rushes with great violence against the stream with what is commonly called the *mascaret* or *bore*, endangering the barks which encounter it. It was this phenomenon that astonished the soldiers of Alexander, who, accustomed to the tideless wave of the Mediterranean, knew not how to account for this war of waters, which even modern travellers have described with wonder.

[Of the seasons—]

In India there is, properly speaking, nei-

ther spring nor autumn, summer nor winter. There are but two seasons, the rainy and the dry. The former continues in the interior and the western parts of the peninsula from April or May to the end of October; and the remainder of the year is generally without a shower or a cloud. During this dry season, the sun gradually burning up every plant and blade of grass on the plains, causes the whole surface of the country, excepting the forests and the jungles, to appear like a field from which the green sward has been pared away. Baked hard by the sun, the clayey soil cracks, and exhibits broad fissures, sometimes of several feet deep. Travelling then becomes extremely irksome, as, besides the heat and the barrenness of the prospect clouds of dust are frequently raised by the winds, and drifted about with extraordinary velocity. But the rapidity with which these apparently barren plains are clothed with verdure on the setting in of the rains has the appearance of a miracle; a single night almost sufficing to call forth the slumbering plants and grasses, and to transform the dusty plain into a fertile meadow.

This beautiful vegetation, however, is, in the lowlands, extremely short-lived; for, by the almost universal inundation that ensues, the meadows are covered with water.* A thick canopy of clouds, through which the rays of the sun can seldom force their way for a moment, hangs during weeks together over the country, dissolving in incessant torrents of rain, and renewed every moment by fresh masses of vapour from the ocean. The commencement and conclusion of the rainy season are marked by tremendous storms of thunder, especially the termination, when the winds are shifting about from the south to the northward, to roll away the heavy vapours from the land. During the continuance of the rains, when it might be expected that the air would possess a delicious freshness, a sultry and oppressive heat is frequently experienced, more overpowering than the far higher temperature of the dry season. But, notwithstanding these inconveniences, it is

* The setting in of the south-west monsoon is thus admirably described by Mr. Elphinstone:—"After some threatening days, the sky assumes a troubled appearance in the evenings, and the monsoon sets in generally during the night. It is attended by such a thunderstorm as can scarcely be imagined by those who have only seen that phenomenon in a temperate climate. It generally begins with violent blasts of wind, which are succeeded by floods of rain. For some hours lightning is seen almost without intermission; sometimes it only illuminates the sky, and shows the clouds near the horizon; at others it discovers the distant hills, and again leaves all in darkness, when in an instant it reappears in vivid and successive flashes, and exhibits the nearest objects in all the brightness of day. During all this time, the distant thunder never ceases to roll, and is only silenced by some nearer peal, which bursts on the ear with such a sudden and tremendous crash as can scarcely fail to strike the most insensible heart with awe."—*Account of the Kingdom of Caubul.*

the rains alone that render India a habitable country; their partial discontinuance produces famine, and their disappearance would, in the space of a few years, change the whole peninsula into a desert.

[Next are the vegetable and mineral productions, and the zoology of India. In the details of the latter, we learn that—]

In Hindoostan, where nearly fifty species of these deadly reptiles, (serpents,) lie in wait for the destruction of man, a coiled serpent forms the couch of the god Vishnu, and is the frequent attendant on others of their deities. But the boa, which sometimes attains the length of forty feet, is dignified with divine attributes, consulted as an oracle, and worshipped as a god. Serpents of smaller dimensions, but equally dangerous and destructive, swarm in every forest, thicket, and garden, creep into the bedrooms, twist themselves between the lattices of the windows, and nestle in the folds of the turban. Of these the most venomous are the *cobra de capello*, or hooded snake, which grows to the length of eight or nine feet; the *cobra manilla*, a little blue snake, about a foot in length, which haunts old walls, and whose poison causes death in a quarter of an hour; and the *cobra de aurellia*, a serpent about the size of a quill, and not more than six inches long, whose bite causes madness and death. The charming of serpents, which in India is a no less useful than curious profession, furnishes employment to a particular caste or tribe of men.

[The second chapter enumerates and describes, separately, the several provinces which compose the empire. In Lahore, on the southern bank of the Ravee, is—]

The ancient palace of the Mogul emperors, constructed of brick and faced with red granite, one of the most superb edifices in the world. Viewed from the opposite bank of the river, with its magnificent façade, surrounded by parterres of all the rich and varied flowers of India, which here flourish in eternal spring, it rivals the hanging gardens of Babylon, or the fairy creations of the Arabian Nights. The interior of this vast structure is adorned with beautiful red granite, porphyry, lapis lazuli, and gold. Of all its numerous apartments, however, the most admired is the hall of the throne, the roof and walls of which are covered with mirrors of rock crystal, while along the gallery, which surrounds it, there runs a trellis-work of massive gold, with bunches of artificial fruit composed of pearls and jewels. In another chamber there is a bath of oriental agate in the form of a boat, and encircled with bands of gold. This bath, which will contain eight hog'sheads, was used in the time of the Mogul sovereigns to be filled with rose-water.

[Of the fairy-land Cashmere we are told—]

The traditions of the Hindoos respecting the formation of this beautiful valley greatly resemble those which prevailed among the Greeks about that of Thessaly; both being said to have been originally a lake inclosed by lofty mountains, which having been rent by the agency of earthquakes, suffered the waters to escape. Whatever was its origin, the Indian Tempe, though vaunted by less renowned poets, is no way inferior in fertility or beauty to the Thessalian. Fields clothed with eternal green, and sprinkled thick with violets, roses, narcissuses, and other delicate or fragrant flowers, which here grow wild, meet the eye on all sides; while, to divide or diversify them, a number of small streams of crystal purity, and several lakes of various dimensions, glide or sparkle in the foreground of the landscape. On all sides round arise a range of low, green hills, dotted with trees, and affording a delicious herbage to the gazelle and other graminivorous animals; while the pinnacles of the Himalaya, pointed, jagged, and broken into a thousand fantastic forms, rear their snowy heads behind, and pierce beyond the clouds. From these unscaleable heights, amidst which the imagination of the Hindoo has placed his heaven, ever bright and luminous, innumerable small rivulets descend into the valley, and after rushing in slender cataracts over projecting rocks, and peopling the uplands with noise and foam, submit to the direction of the husbandman, and spread themselves in artificial inundations over the fields and gardens below. These numerous mountain torrents, which unite into one stream before they issue from the valley, may be regarded as the sources of the Jhyll, one of the mightiest rivers of Hindoostan. The beauty and fertility of Cashmere are equalled by the mildness and salubrity of the climate. Here the southern slopes of the hills are clothed with the fruits and flowers of Hindoostan; but pass the summit, and you find upon the opposite side the productions of the temperate zone, and the features of an European landscape. The fancy of Bernier, escaping from the curb of his philosophy, ran riot among these hills, which, with their cows, their goats their gazelles, and their innumerable bees, might, like the promised land, be said to flow with milk and honey.

The inhabitants of this terrestrial paradise, who were as beautiful as their climate, possessed, in the time of Bernier, the reputation of being superior in genius and industry to the rest of the Hindoos. The arts and sciences flourished among them, and their manufactures of palanquins, bedsteads, coffers, cabinets, spoons, and inlaid work, were renowned throughout the East. But the fabric which tended most powerfully to diffuse their reputation for ingenuity were their

shawls: those soft and exquisite articles of dress, which, from that day to this, have enjoyed the patronage of the fair throughout the world.*

Moorcroft, whose remarks on the natural productions and agriculture of Cashmere have recently been published in the Journal of the Royal Geographical Society, concurs in the opinion that Cashmere has been formerly one immense lake, and he observes that the subsidence of its waters is distinctly defined by horizontal lines on the face of the mountain. The nature of the composition of the highest and primitive mountains, which form the great outer belt of the valley, Moorcroft had not an opportunity to examine; but the rocks of the interior he found to be of secondary formation, and consisting to a great extent wholly of indurated clay. "The bottom of the basin," he says, "is covered with a deep coat of alluvial clay, which, in its progress towards the surface, is mixed with vegetable earth; and the latter, under very slight labour, breaks down into a rich and most productive mould."

[The sumptuousness of Delhi, the imperial province of the central regions, is not overlooked:—]

The great ornament of Delhi is the imperial palace, constructed of red granite, in a beautiful style of architecture. Its interior is adorned with gold, azure and other splendid ornaments. The stables were erected to contain 10,000 horses. In the vast suburbs of Delhi, among other striking buildings, is the *Godaie Kotelar*, the principal apartment of which, called the "Hall of Embassies," was lined throughout with crystal, and adorned with a lustre of black crystal, exquisitely wrought, which, when lighted up, caused the apartment to present on all sides, the appearance of a conflagration. In this hall, a peacock throne was still preserved in the time of Legoux de Flaix, wholly different from that described by Bernier, and which was carried away by Nadir Shah.† It was of an oval form, and placed under a palm-tree, which overshadowed it with its foliage. A peacock perched upon a branch near the summit, extended its wings like a canopy over the throne. Both the palm-tree and the peacock were of gold, and the wings and leaves so delicately and exquisitely formed, that they appeared to wave and tremble at the slightest breeze. The rich green of the peacock's feathers was represented by superb emeralds; and the fruit of the palm-tree, formed of brilliant Golconda diamonds, mimicked nature so admirably, that the observer might easily have been tempted to pluck them.

* Lives of celebrated Travellers, vol. i. p. 210, 211.

† The real value of this throne could not be exactly ascertained, but it was estimated at four crores, or forty millions of rupees.—Lives of celebrated Travellers, vol. i. p. 202.

Pannah, the capital of the diamond district, is adorned with several handsome temples, in one of which there is an idol with a diamond eye of immense brilliancy and value. The whole of the table-land for several miles round the city is said to abound with diamonds. The soil, from two to eight cubits in depth, is in some places of a red, in others of a brown colour, and where the diamonds are found, contains many small pebbles. The greater number of the stones do not exceed a pea in size, though occasionally they are found as large as filberts. The workmen, who are generally Rajpoots, amount on an average to about a thousand. According to their experience, it would seem that the generation of the diamond is here going on perpetually, and that fourteen or fifteen years is the term required by nature for completing the process; for they assert that they have as much chance of success in examining earth which has lain undisturbed during that period as in turning up fresh soil.

[The third chapter contains the origin and antiquity of the Hindoos; then follow the institution of castes—religion—temples, pilgrimages, and festivals—character, manners, and customs—food, stature, dress, ornaments, and dwellings—thus completing the eight divisions. We are tempted to quote two passages from the last chapter, one describing the food of a vegetable Brahmin—]

The feast of one of the vegetable Brahmins generally consists of seasoned bread, rice, curry, vegetables, pickles, and a dessert. Their ordinary bread is prepared from the flour of wheat, *juari*, or *bajera*. To this they are fond of adding a thin cake or wafer, made from the flour of *oord*, highly seasoned with *assafetida*; a salt called *popper-khor*, and a very hot massaula, composed of turmeric, black pepper, ginger, garlic, several kinds of warm seeds, and a quantity of the hottest Chili pepper. All these ingredients are kneaded together with the *oord*-flour and water into a tenacious paste, which is then rolled into cakes thin as a wafer, which, having been first dried a little in the sun, are then baked, like the oat cakes of the Scotch, until they are quite crisp. The Brahmini curry is generally nothing more than warm buttermilk, thickened with grain flour, and slightly seasoned with spices. Another of their favourite dishes is composed of a sort of split pea, boiled with salt and turmeric, and eaten with *ghee*, or clarified butter. "When the dinner is prepared, the Brahmin first washes his body in warm water, during which operation he wears his *dotee*, or that cloth which, fastened round his loins, hangs down to his ankles: when washed, he hangs up the *dotee* to dry, and binds in its place a piece of silk, it not being allowable for a Brahmin to wear anything else when eating. If a person of another caste, or even a Brah-

min who is not washed, touches his dotee while drying, he cannot wear it without washing it again. After going through several forms of prayer, and other ceremonies, he sits down to his food, which is spread on a table-cloth, or rather a table-cover, formed of fresh gathered leaves, fastened together to the size wanted for the company. The dishes and plates are invariably composed of leaves; a Brahmin may not eat out of any thing else. Tin vessels, or copper tinned, may be used for cooking; but a Brahmin cannot eat out of them. The food, after being prepared in the kitchen, is placed in distinct portions, on dishes of different size, form, and depth, on the large verdant covering in a regular manner. In the centre of the cover is always a large pile of plain, boiled rice, and at a feast there are generally two other heaps of white and yellow rice, seasoned with spices and salt; and two of sweet rice, to be eaten with *chatna*, pickles, and stewed vegetables: the latter are chiefly berenjals, bendre turoy, and different kinds of beans, all savourily dressed, and heated with chilies of every description. The *chatna* is usually made from a vegetable called *cotemear*, to the eye very much resembling parsley, but to those unused to it, of a very disagreeable taste and smell: this is so strongly heated with chilies, as to render the other ingredients less distinguishable. The *chatna* is sometimes made with cocoa-nut, lime-juice, garlic, and chilies, and, with the pickles, is placed in deep leaves round the large cover, to the number of thirty or forty, the Hindoos being very fond of this stimulus to their rice. These pickles are not prepared with vinegar, but preserved in oil and salt, seasoned with chilie and the acid of tamarinds, which in a salted state is much used in Hindostan. Brahmins and many other Hindoos reject the onion from their bill of fare. Ghee, which, in deep boats formed of leaves, seems to constitute the essence of the dinner, is plentifully dispensed. The dessert consists of mangoes, preserved with sugar, ginger, limes, and other sweetmeats; syrup of different fruits, and sometimes a little ripe fruit; but the dessert is not common. Such is the entertainment of a rich Brahmin who eats no animal food.*

[Another, relative to Hindoo dwellings:—]

Somerset House, the British Museum, the Louvre, and many other palaces and houses both in England and France, represent exactly, in point of form, the common dwellings of the wealthy Hindoos, whether they be erected of stone or of mud. Even in Rajpootana the same style prevails. The mansions of the Rajpoots, Colonel Tod observes, are quadrangular piles, with an open, paved area, the suites of apartments carried round the sides, with latticed or open corridors extending parallel to each suite. The resi-

dence of the Rana of Oodipoor might not, perhaps, lose greatly by a comparison with Windsor Castle; and is very much superior, both in taste and magnificence, to the Chateau of the Tuileries.

[To these quoted proofs need scarcely be added our commendation of this ingenious work. We perceive that its editor has been aided by the best and most recent authorities, as Jones, Hamilton, Ward, Tod, Buchanan, the Asiatic Researches, and travelers of all times, from Bernier, physician to Aurungzebe, to Lieutenant Burnes, of the Geographical Society. The present volume contains twelve whole page illustrations, from drawings by Westall.]

The Gatherer.

Birmingham Musical Festival.—The general results of this splendid Festival are thus stated in *Aris's Birmingham Gazette*.—At the first morning's performance nearly 1,400 persons were present; and in the evening, 2,400. At the performance on Wednesday morning, considerably more than 3,000 auditors, and including the orchestra, officers, attendants, &c., not less than *four thousand* persons were present. At the concert at the Theatre in the evening, the company did not exceed a thousand. On Thursday morning, very nearly 3,000; and in the evening, upwards of 2,600 were present. On Friday morning, the company numbered upwards of 2,200; and at night, the Dress Ball was attended by more than 1,700. Collections were made at the doors after each morning's performance, and including many liberal donations, amounted to between 1,500*l.* and 1,600*l.* The plates were held by some of the most distinguished ladies present, supported by the Noble President, Vice-Presidents, &c. The total receipts, as far as they can be at present ascertained, amount to 13,278*l.* 6*s.* 2*d.*, making an excess over the receipts of the Festival in 1829, of 3,689*l.* 4*s.* 3*d.*

Difficult Retreat.—Monsieur de Malsaignes was a determined duellist. Having quarrelled with a brother officer, they agreed to fight out the dispute in the very room where it took place, when M. de Malsaignes's adversary managed to run him through the body, and nail himself against the door. "It is all very well," said the transfixed duellist, with singular *sang froid*, "but, pray, how are you to get out?"

True Politeness consists in being easy one's self, and making every one about one as easy as one can.—*Pope.*

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* Oriental Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 49—51.